

The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

Gen. Haskell is now in the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum—a raving maniac—past all hopes of recovery.—Such in fact is the extent of his derangement that it is necessary for him to be kept in close confinement and guarded with the most assiduous care. This is indeed a sad end to a once lofty mind, a pious fancy, an inexhaustible fund of wit, and irreproachable powers of popular oratory. The lesson we will be a salutary one to the aspiring youth of the land. However highly strung be the impulses of their nature, or however numerous and seductive the temptations in their way, may the sad history of the gifted Haskell warn them to "look not upon the wine when it is red—when it giveth its color in the cup."

By telegraphic dispatches from New York, under date of Oct. 6th, we learn that the Crystal Palace and almost all of its contents were destroyed by fire the other day. The Palace was filled with articles for exhibition at the annual Fair.

The loss of the Palace is \$250,000, and of its contents \$500,000. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The building was insured for only \$60,000. A very trifling amount of goods was saved.

New Orleans, Oct. 7th.—Magazine Explosion! Great Loss of Life!!!—The Naval magazine at Havana, filled with powder, shells and rockets, exploded on the 27th. Twenty-eight persons were killed and 165 wounded. More are supposed to be under the ruins. Nineteen new sugar houses were destroyed. Many buildings are damaged. The whole city was shelled and the gas works rendered useless. The city is in darkness. The police and troops are guarding Concha. The officials are on the ground aiding the unfortunate. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Sugar has slightly declined.

*Yonkers, N.Y.—Youthful love is an object on which gray-bearded men vent much spleen and scorn; but depend upon it where it rests in reality it is the sweetest thing that even life knows; it is the *voilet* of our short years of existence. The rose is beautiful, rich in hue, full of perfume and brightness, as she flaunts her gay bosom in the ardent sun of June, but give me the violet, that scents with her odorous breath the air of unconfined spring; the soft, the timid violet, retreating from the gaze with her blue eyes cast down, the first sweet child of the sweetest season, the tenderest, the gentlest of all the flowers of the field, the emblem of earnest and innocent affection. No, there is nothing like it! In all after years, we may lay our hand upon what joy we will, pure and innocent it must be to bear the comparison for a moment—but in after existence, we shall never find anything on the earth like the first flower of the heart.*

How is it that girls can always tell a married man from a single one?—The fact is indisputable. Blackwood says that "the tact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in a man's appearance that no ingenuity can conceal it. Everywhere there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (whose name, fortune and circumstances are totally unknown) be or not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell; but that the truth is so we positively affirm."

Somebody who writes with more "truth than poetry," says, "An angel without money is not thought half so much of nowadays, as a devil with a bag full of guineas." Let a man be bankrupt in honor, in all that constitutes the ornament of life—say, let his heart beat to the pulsation of hell, and he or she have cash, sweet cash, and the fawning sycophants of a pampered and rotten would-be aristocracy will "creep" with smiles "the pregnant hinges of the knee," while honest poverty with virtue and integrity for its characteristics, will be passed by unheeded. Truly, money has been aptly called "a composition to take stains out of a character."

To enjoy a good night's repose take a cold towel bath before retiring. A bowl or tub of cold water and a hard crash towel used vigorously over the whole body are all that are necessary in addition to a clear conscience, in order to secure a good night's rest.

A western paper, speaking of the damage done by a tempest, says—"A heavy 'gal' raged furiously here on Wednesday last."

The Sons of Temperance.

Mr. Editor:

Perhaps your numerous readers, and the citizens of Winchester generally have formed the conclusion that the order of the Sons of Temperance is extinct. But this is incorrect. The Sons of Temperance were organized in Winchester, Sept. 7th, 1847. For many years the Division was in a flourishing condition. Several times she bowed her head as the opposing columns swept by like an avalanche, not so much from the opposition as from the weakness and neglect of some of her members. Some years ago we proposed to build a Temperance Hall. Not being able within ourselves, we entered into a contract with the I.O.O.F. After the house was completed, we then had to furnish our Hall, which cost us between one and two hundred dollars, which made our debt amount to something near \$1000. Last Summer our Division became small and we determined to liquidate the debt as far as possible. We sold off all our furniture that we could dispense with and have settled all of the debt except about \$100, for which we have enough in process of collection to liquidate. We have still held the Division together, and now would announce to our friends that we need their help. Come, friends, one and all; come up and help us to put an end to the evils of intemperance as far as we possibly can.

Are you a friend to the cause?—then let us see you taken a position on the side of temperance. Are you a young man and would you prosper?—Dash down the intoxicating bowl and enlist under the Banner of Love, Purity and Integrity. Come, there is no time to be lost. Quoth the Bowd or you are lost forever. Let all who are willing to join with us in this great cause meet us next Saturday night at the Temperance Hall.

J. C. OHMING.

From the Christian Gazette.

THE LONGEST TRIP ON RECORD AT A RUNAWAY WIFE.

That wives will forget their marriage vows and run away, is every day exemplified, but husbands will not always follow over land and sea in search of vagrant cronions. A case which came up in Justice's Court yesterday, however, sets an example for loving husbands that has no parallel on record, and but for the criminal reality connected with it, would draw the latest romance into obscurity.

It appears that the elder brother of a family residing in Naples, Italy, married a wife considerably his junior, and she became the "old man's darling." Like McMurtrie, he'd "have no friends that were not lovers," and with pride he pointed to his pretty wife, and made her his wife, his temple of devotion, morning and evening. In a six hours' younger brother, Michael Angelo Gatto, looked with loving eyes upon his sister in law, and she was won from her allegiance to her husband. The guilty pair made their escape to this country, believing with them a little daughter, and leaving the husband and two little boys in their deserted Italian home. The brother lover and his fair companion came to this city some months ago and opened a confectionary store on Main street.

In time the husband learned their whereabouts, and taking his two month old boy with him, he sailed for Cincinnati, arriving here a day or two ago. He at once sent out the guilty pair, and implored the wife to return to her husband. He was reluctantly spurred by both wife and brother, and as a last resort, he had them arrested for adultery on Tuesday.

The case was to come up before the Justice yesterday, but mutual friends intervened. Unlike the "Mizzen-mope," who feared the peers of boys and girls, she did see him with her runaway husband over his arm, the elder Gatto, with tears streaming down his cheeks, besought her on his knees to return home with him to the sunny clime of Italy, and make his home once more a heaven of domestic peace. The scene was affecting; the picture being rendered complete by the pleading looks and tears of the little boy, who had accompanied the father in his long and tedious journey. There was a choice between the penalty for adultery and husband's arms. The wife honored; the husband pleased; friends convinced; and all combined at length prevailed. She consented to return to Italy with her husband. The guilty brother agreed to pay the cost and lawyer's fees—the husband took his runaway wife upon his arm, and his children by the hand, and left the court-room so overjoyed with his recovered treasure, that he actually kissed the hands of a friend who had been mainly instrumental in bringing about a consummation of his happiness under such peculiar circumstances.

There is sufficient romance in this "plain, unvarnished tale," to form the basis of a novel. A man who would follow a runaway wife from Italy, and then beg of her on his knees to accept his proffered forgiveness, cannot be a bad husband, and deserves a better wife.

The OCEAN HARF.—The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop once spoke of the Atlantic Telegraph as the grand ocean harp. Wordsworth thus writes.

Oh, grandest miracle of Time,
What mighty joy will spring,
When men of diverse tongue and clime
Shall list to the heavenly chime.

That sounds the strains of peace sublime
Upon a single string.

Old Roger, on reading the above, asked the Professor if he knew the key or note on which that string was tuned. He allowed that he did not. "Why it is very plain," said the jolly old fellow, "that it must be on the lower C." As this joke is about sixteen thousand feet deep, we are not expected to fathom it.—Boston Gazette.

The number of deaths by yellow fever in New Orleans this year, up to the 19th of September, was 2,661.

THE WIFE.

What is there like home to the man to whom God has given that greatest of all earthly gifts, far beyond gold, a helpmate for him—a being like himself, adapted to better his condition and soften his cares? It is an old sentiment that has passed into a proverb—"No wife, no home."

It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but the wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat capable, and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the waters would remain unchanged. No Nicholas, the diver, is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.—Christian Intel.

W. W. HENRY, editor of the Raleigh Standard, is spoken of as one of the next United States Senators from North Carolina.

If you wish to make a shoe of durable materials," said the factions Lanesburgh, "you should take the upper part of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

A Dutchman being advised to rub his hands well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I dash water as I drink, so prudently, and then I rub my big mitt to bottle."

Our young ladies do not insist on a high standing of young gentlemen, hence a variety of private miseries and public vice.

"Johny," said a doting mother to her somewhat insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know ma," quoth young hopeful, "but guess I can with a spoon."

Beware of being too much obliged by great men. They will be apt to impose hardships upon thee. It may prove such a slavery as thou canst not easily get out of.

Rev. RUTHER POST, an aged and esteemed minister of the Presbyterian Church, died a few days since of yellow fever, in Charleston.

The Plasterers employed on the U. S. Capitol, have struck for \$2.50 per day.

DINE IN PORK.—Five hundred barrels mens pork sold yesterday at \$15—a decline of \$1 per barrel in a few days.—*Loc. Journ. 30c.*

We see Dr. Abernathy and Mr. Newman are in the field for Senator in the counties of Lincoln and Franklin,—rather early for starting we should think; but they are both good Democrats and doubtless have the wind for a long race. Wonder wholl beat?

The Plasterers employed on the U. S. Capitol, have struck for \$2.50 per day.

DR. DIXON.—Five hundred barrels mens pork sold yesterday at \$15—a decline of \$1 per barrel in a few days.—*Loc. Journ. 30c.*

WEAR YOUR VEST.—"A man lately died in Boston from the effects of the growing in of the toe nail."

Did he? We regret to hear it. We regret still more to hear that any one has lived to a mature age without learning how to prevent the "growing in of a toe nail," by which, we presume, is meant that frequent occurrence of the corner of the nail growing into the overlaying flesh in consequence of wearing shoes or boots too tight. We have known cases of such suffering as thou canst not easily get out of.

MARY.—"This name, by a decree of Pio X., can no longer be given to children, on pain of excommunication. His infidelity would deserve it as far as possible, hereafter, for the Virgin of immaculate conception."

THE PLASTERERS.—A correspondent, under date of Houston, July 28, gives the following graphic picture of the present and the future:

Texas never saw brighter prospects than at the present. Out of debt, with a full treasury, taxes merely nominal—lighter than in almost any other State—a full crop of corn and wheat already realized, cotton and sugar canes promising an abundant yield, railroads progressing rapidly, the cause of education receiving a good share of attention, the whole is rapidly advancing in all that makes a great, good, happy and prosperous people.

TOILET FOR GENTLEMEN.—For preserving the complexion, temperature, to preserve the breath sweet, abstain from tobacco; for whitening the hands, honesty; to remove a sin, repentant; easy shaving-soup, ready for improving the sight, observation; a beautiful ring, a family circle; for improving the voice, civility; the best companion at the toilet, a wife.

OLD BACHELORS.—An exchange says:

"If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman upon the earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

And you made more than three dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained that Press and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in the papers; did they cost you anything?"

"No, but—"

And your brother's death was thus published, with a long obituary notice.—And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."

" Eh, true, but—"

" And when you were elected Squire, you don't take a count paper?"

" No, Major, I get the city papers on better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

" But, Squire, the county papers often prove a greater convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better their editors can make them."

" Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

" The firm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

" Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

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